

# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CVIII.]

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Cummer-Place, Berkshire.



CUMMER-PLACE has been rendered celebrated in the novel of Kenilworth, as the scene of a foul murder committed there in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. As an illustration to one of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, we are sure that our engraving, for a sketch of which we are indebted to a correspondent, will be acceptable to our readers. It is copied from an original drawing made by Mr. A. Whitlock, of Oxford, previous to its being taken down in the year 1810.

Cummer is a small village in Berkshire, about three miles from the University of Oxford, pleasantly situated on the brow of a hill commanding extensive views over the counties of Oxford and Gloucester. In this village stood an old monastic building called Cummer-Place, formerly belonging to the monks of the Abbey of Abingdon; at the suppression of the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. it was granted to a layman, and in the reign of Elizabeth, was the residence of Anthony Forster, who figures so conspicuously in the celebrated novel of Kenilworth. In this house the unfortunate Amy, Countess of Leicester, met her tragical death.

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This ancient structure surrounded a court or quadrangle of about 72 feet in length, and 50 in breadth. The principal entrance was on the north side under an archway, with rooms on either side of it; above these the "long gallery" extended the whole length of that side of the building. Not a vestige of Cummer-Place remains, from the effects of time and neglect; it had fallen into so dilapidated a state that it was considered dangerous to approach the ruins. About fourteen years ago they were taken down by command of the Earl of Abingdon, the present owner of the manor of Cummer.

The following melancholy story, upon which the novel of Kenilworth is founded, is an extract from the MSS. of Anthony A. Wood, in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford; and to use the words of an elegant writer on this subject, "it is curious to observe the difference of the quaint and meagre style of the learned and indefatigable antiquary, when compared with the highly embellished language, and richly wrought imageryes of the narrator of the same events at the present time."

"Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester,

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a very goodly personage, and singularly well featured, being a great favourite to Queen Elizabeth, it was thought, and commonly reported, that had he been a bachelor, or widower, the queen would have made him her husband: to this end, to free himself of all obstacles, he commands his wife, or perhaps with fair flattering intreaties, desires her to repose herself here at his servant Anthony Forster's house, who then lived at the aforesaid manor house, (Cumner-Place) and also prescribed to Sir Richard Varney, (a prompter to this design,) at his coming hither, that he should first attempt to poison her, and if that did not take effect, then by any other way whatsoever, to dispatch her. This, it seems was proved by the report of Dr. Walter Bayly, sometime Fellow of New College, then living in Oxford, and Professor of Physic in that University, who, because he would not consent to take away her life by poison, the earl endeavoured to displease him from the court. This man, it seems, reported for most certain, that there was a practice in Cumner among the conspirators, to have poisoned this poor innocent lady, a little before she was killed, which was attempted after this manner:—They seeing the good lady sad and heavy, (as one that well knew by her other handling that her death was not far off,) began to persuade her that her present disease was abundance of melancholy, and other humours, &c. And therefore would needs counsel her to take some potion, which she absolutely refusing to do, as still suspecting the worst: whereupon they sent a messenger on a day (unawares to her) for Dr. Bayly, and intreated him to persuade her to take some little potion by his direction, and they would get the same at Oxford, meaning to have added something of their own for her comfort, as the doctor upon just cause, and consideration did suspect, seeing their great importunity, and the small need the lady had of physic; and therefore he peremptorily denied their request, misdoubting (as he afterwards reported,) least if they had poisoned her under the name of his potion, he might have been hanged for a colour of their sin; and the doctor remained still well assured, that this way taking no effect, she would not long escape their violence, which afterwards happened thus:—For Sir Richard Varney aforesaid, (the chief projector in this design,) who by the earl's order remained that day of death alone with her, with one man only, and Forster, who had that day forcibly sent away all her servants from her to Abingdon market, about three miles distant from

this place, they (I say whether first stifling her, or else strangling her, afterwards flung her down a pair of stairs, and broke her neck, using much violence upon her; but yet however, though it was vulgarly reported, that she by chance fell down stairs, (but yet without hurting her hood, that was upon her head.) Yet the inhabitants will tell you there, that she was conveyed from her usual chamber, where she lay, to another, where the bed's head of the chamber stood close to a privy postern door, where they, in the night came and stifled her in her bed, bruised her head very much, broke her neck, and at length flung her down stairs, thereby believing the world would have thought it a mischance, and so have blighted their villainy. But, behold the mercy and justice of God in revenging and discovering this lady's murder; for one of the persons that was a conditor in this murder, was afterwards taken for a felony in the Marches of Wales, and offering to publish the manner of the aforesaid murder, was privately made away with in prison by the earl's appointment. And Sir Richard Varney, the other, dying about the same time in London, cried miserably, and blasphemously, God, and said to a person of note, who has related the same to others since, but long before his death, that the devils in hell did tear him in pieces. Forster likewise, after this fact, being a man formerly addicted to hospitality, company, mirth, and music, was afterwards observed to forsake all this, and being affected with much melancholy (some say with madness,) pined and drooped away. The wife too of Bald Butler, kinsman to the earl, gave out the whole fact a little before her death. Neither are the following passages to be forgotten: That as soon as ever she was murdered, they made great haste to bury her before the Coroner had given in his inquest, (which the earl himself condemned as not done advisedly,) which her father Sir John Robertsett (as I suppose,) hearing of, came with all speed hither, caused her corpse to be taken up, the Coroner to sit upon her, and further inquiry to be made concerning this business to the full; but it was generally thought, that the earl stopped his mouth, and made up the business betwix them, and the good earl to make plain to the world, the great love he bore to her while alive, what a grief the loss of so virtuous a lady was to his tender heart, caused (though the thing by these and other means was beaten into the heads of the principal men of the University of Oxford,) her body to be re-buried in St. Marie's

Church, in Oxford, with great pomp and solemnity. It is remarkable, that when Dr. Behington (the earl's chaplain) did preach the funeral sermon, he tript once or twice in his speech, by recommending to their memories, that virtuous lady so pitifully murdered, instead of saying so pitifully slain.

" This earl, after all his murders and poisonings, was himself poisoned by that which was prepared for others, (some say by his wife,) at Cornbury Lodge, (though Baker in his Chronicle would have it at Killingworth) Anno 1588."

## LINES,

*Written in an album, at the Inn on the Banks of Loch Achray, near the Trossachs.*

A LANT cloud coronals Benledy's brow;—  
Still up the deep incant' be mine to strain,  
Nor deem the toil as idle. Oh ! how slow  
The sluggish hour rolls on;—but see ! again  
Peering all-beauteous 'bove the vapoury train,  
Thy giant form is seen the hills among,  
Child of the mountain mist ! And now I gain  
Thy towery height, and muse upon the throng  
Of countless charms around, and wake the soul  
to song.

## SONG.

On ! where is the hairy of the minstrel ? why  
shankins?

His silver-toned string 'mid so fairy a scene ?  
Roun' lyre of Loch Katrine — still sweet are  
thy numbers.  
Still low are her wailers, her mountains still  
green.

Yet, if in thine absence a stranger endeavour—  
A stranger and soothron—one faint lay to  
frame,  
Oh ! smile not in haughty derision, however  
Unvalued his verse, unacknowledged his name.

But list!—Tis the deep waraining voice of the  
mountain,  
Cease, child of presumption ! While living  
her hard—  
While naked his loved name with each islet  
and fountain,  
Will the song of a saucy minstrel be  
heard ?

Tis well,—I obey thee.—Yef grant, gentle  
spirit—

Whoever, whoever, wherever thou art—  
Oh ! grant that e'en I one sweet smile may  
inherit,  
And meeting in friendship, in friendship  
depart.

*Loch Katrine, Aug. 31. ALPHUS.*

## LAW AND LAWYERS.

In the reign of Edward III., the lord chief justice of the King's Bench had a salary of no more than £66 13s. 4d. per annum; and the ordinary judges of that bench, and of the common pleas, had only £40 each per annum. The annual allowance of Henry IV.'s confessor was higher; it was £60 10s. 6d. It was in the year 1573, that Queen Elizabeth created the Earl of Shrewsbury, Earl Marshal of England during life, with a salary of only

£20 per annum. Her secretary for the French tongue, Thomas Edinonds, Esq., had £66 13s. 4d., the same with that of the chief justice. Roper, in his Life of Sir Thomas More,\* three centuries ago, informs us, that though he was an advocate of the greatest eminence, and in full business, yet he did not by his profession make above £400 per annum. There is, however, a common tradition on the other hand, that Sir Edward Coke's gains, at the latter of this century, equalled those of a modern attorney general; and, by Lord Bacon's works, it appears that he made £6,000 per annum whilst in this office. Brownlow's profits, likewise, as one of the prothonotaries during the reign of Elizabeth, were £5,000 per annum; and he used to close the profits of the year with a *laus deo*; and when they happened to be extraordinary, with a *massime laus deo*. "It does not seem too much to assert," says Gilbert, "that about the reign of Elizabeth, £10 would approach nearer to the purchase of a complete English law library, than £1,500 at present."

The following additional particulars are from a respectable journal:—

Fortesque, in the dedication of his work, *De Laudibus Legum Angliae*, to Prince Edward, says, "that the judges were not accustomed to sit more than three hours a day;" that is, from eight o'clock in the morning until eleven: they passed the remainder of the day in studying the laws, and reading the Holy Scriptures.

Carte supposes, that the great reason for the lawyers pushing in shoals to become members of parliament, arose from the desire to receive the wages then paid them by their constituents. By an act of the fifth of Henry IV., lawyers were excluded from parliament, not from a contempt of the common law itself, but the professors of it, who, at this time being auditors of men of property, received an annual stipend, *pro consilio impenso et impendendo*, and were treated as retainers. In Madox's Form. Anglican, there is the form of a retainer during his life, of John de Thorpe, as counsel to the Earl of Westmornland; and it appears by the household book of Algernon, fifth Earl of Northumberland, that, in the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII., there was, in that family, a regular establishment for two counsellors and their servants.

A proclamation was issued on the 6th

\* This great, learned, and virtuous man, who succeeded Cardinal Wolsey, as Lord High Chancellor of England, was beheaded, in 1533, during the reign of Henry VIII., for refusing to take the oath of supremacy and succession.

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of November, in the twentieth year of the reign of James I., in which the voters for members of parliament were directed "not to choose curious and wrangling lawyers, who may seek reputation by stirring needless questions."

A strong prejudice was at this time excited against lawyers. In Aleyn's *Henry VIII.* (London, 1638,) we have the following philippic against them:—

"A prating lawyer (one of those which cloud That honour'd science) did their conduct take ;  
He talk'd all law, and the tumultuous crowd  
Thought it had been all gospel that he spake.  
At length, these fools their common error saw,  
A lawyer on their side, but not the law."

Pride, the drayman, used to say, "that it would never be well till the lawyer's gowns, like the Scottish colours, were hung up in Westminster Hall.

From Chaucer's character of the Temple Manciple, it would appear, that the great preferment which advocates in this time chiefly aspired to, was to become steward to some great man; he says,

" Of masters he had mo than thyrs ten,  
That were of law expert and curiosus ;  
Of which there were a dozen in that house,  
Worthy to bende 'stairds of house and londe,  
Of any lord that is in Englynde."

The first mention of a Barrister being a Knight, occurs in the third year of Henry VI., when Sir Walter Beauchamp, as counsel, supported the claim of precedence of the Earl of Warwick, against the then Earl Marshal, at the bar of the House of Lords. Mr. Roger Hunt appeared in the same capacity for the Earl Marshal and both advocates, in their exordium, made most humble protestations, entreating the lord against whom they were retained, not to take amiss what they should advance on the part of their own client.

Another point on which the lawyers of the present age differ from their ancestors is, in their prolixity. It was reserved for modern invention to make a trial for high treason last eight days, or to extend a speech to nine hours. And it is not a little remarkable, that when law and lawyers have increased so prodigiously, the number of the judges is still the same.

F. R.—Y.

## My Common-Place Book.

No. VI.

## EPITAPH

*On Two Children, dying of one disease, and buried in one grave.*

BROUGHT forth in sorrow, and bred up in care,  
Two tender children here entombed are :  
One place, one sire, one womb, their being gave,  
They had one mortal sickness, and one grave.  
And though they cannot number many years  
In their account, yet with their parents' tears

This comfort mingles : tho' their days were few,  
They scarcely sin, but never sorrow knew ;  
So that they well might boast, they carried  
hence

What riper ages lose—their innocence.

You pretty losses, that revive the fale  
Which in your mother Death did antedate,  
O let my high-swollen grief distil on you  
The saddest drops of a parental dew.  
You ask no other dower than what my eyes  
Lay out on your untimely exequies.  
When once I have discharged that mournful  
score,

Heaven hath decreed you ne'er shall cost me  
more,

Since you release and quit my borrowed trust,  
By taking this inheritance of dust.

*Dr. King's Poems.*

## EPITAPH

*On Lady Katherine Paston, who died March 10, 1628.*

CAN man be silent, and not praises find  
For her who lived the praise of womankind ;  
Whose outward frame was least the world, to  
guess

What shapes our souls shall wear in happiness ;  
Whose virtue did all ill so oversway,  
That her whole life was a communion-day ?

*Paston Church, Norfolk.*

## ON ELEANOR FREEMAN,

*Who died 1650, aged 21.*

A VIRGIN blossom, in her May.  
Of youth and virtues, turn'd to clay ;  
Rich earth, accomplish'd with those graces  
That adorn saints in heavenly places.  
Let not Death boast his conquering power—  
She'll rise a star that fell a flower !

*Tewkesbury Church, Gloucestershire.*

## DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.

THE soote season, that bud and bloom forth  
brings,  
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale ;  
The nightingale, with feathers new she sings ;  
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.  
Summer is come, for every spray now springs ;  
The buck hath hung his old head on the pale,  
The fishes fleet with new repaired scale ;  
The adder all her slough away she flings ;  
The swift swallow pursueth the flies onale ;  
The busy bee her honey now she mynges ;  
Winter is worn that was the flowers' date.  
And thus I see, among these pleasant things,  
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

*Earl of Sherry.*

## TO MISS \_\_\_\_\_.

*Upon a sudden surprize.*

APELLES, prince of painters, did  
All others in that art succeed ;  
But you surpass him, for he took  
Some pains and time to draw a look ;  
You, in a trice and moment's space,  
Have portray'd in my heart your face.

*J. Howell's Poems.*

## ON FRIENDSHIP.

Not stayed state, but feeble stay,  
Not costly robes, but bare array ;  
Not passed wealth, but present want,  
Not hempen store, but slender scant ;  
Not plenty's purse, but poor estate,  
Not happy hap, but froward fate ;  
Not wish at will, but want of joy,  
Not heart's good health, but heart's annoy ;

Not freedom's use, but prisoners' thrall,  
Not costly seat, but lowest fall;  
Not weal I mean, but wretched woe,  
Doth truly try the friend from foe.  
And nought but froward fortune proves,  
Who fawning feins, or simply loves.

*Paradise of Dainty Devyses.*

## Reminiscences.

No. II.

### STEPHEN KEMBLE.

When Stephen walks the streets, the pavors cry—  
“God bless you, Sir,” and lay their rammers by.

It was said of Mr. Stephen Kemble, that he was *constitutionally great*. It will be within the recollection of our readers, that his size was so immense, that he always played Falstaff without stuffing; and quantity and quality considered, was respectable as a man and an actor. On one of his visits to London he was engaged to play three nights at Drury Lane. Stephen was always afraid of the sarcasm of Fawcett, the unrivalled Falstaff of the other house, and he was told that Fawcett meant to witness his performance on the first night, in company with John Bannister. Stephen whispered thus to the latter—“John, I understand Fawcett comes to the house to-night, to quiz my Falstaff; now I know, John, you are my friend—don’t let him run his riggs upon me; I know you’ll defend me.” “My dear fellow,” replied Bannister, “that I will, you may rely on me.” The next morning Kemble eagerly sought him; “Well, John, what said Fawcett?”—“Why he was very quiet till the play was over.” “Well, what then?”—“Why then he said—’drabbit it, I must not tell you.’” “Nonsense, nonsense, man—what was it?—I know you defended me.”—“He said,” replied John, “that you were not *fit to carry g-is to a bear!*” “Well, but you contradicted it, didnt you?”—“O yes, directly—I said you were!”

Mr. Stephen Kemble having engaged Miss S. Booth for a few nights, at one of his theatres in the north, advertised her in very prominent characters the first night, for a dance of Parisot’s. The house was unusually full; and the last coach came in, but no Miss Booth. The audience becoming boisterous, Stephen came forward, and addressed them thus—“Ladies and Gentlemen, I regret to inform you, that some unforeseen accident has prevented the lady from making her appearance; but, in order that you should not be disappointed, you shall have a dance. I do not know the shawl dance myself but I will do my endeavours at

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a hornpipe.” And, to the no small astonishment of the audience, he danced a hornpipe.

Stephen used to say of himself, that he was sufficient ballast for a collier. One day, a gentleman at Newcastle, wishing to get to London, advertised for a post-chaise companion. He received a note, informing him that a gentleman, who also wished to go, would call upon him in the evening. At the appointed time Stephen made his appearance, and declared himself to be the person who wished to accompany him. “You accompany me!” exclaimed the advertiser, “what to the devil do you mean!—Do you think I am going by the waggon!”

Mr. Kemble was one morning in the travellers’ room of an inn, in Newcastle, sitting upon three chairs, as usual, occupying an entire corner of the room, and reading the newspaper, when a commercial traveller, from Leeds (called in ridicule by his familiars, the polite Yorkshireman), came in, and looking at Stephen said—“Be you ganging to tak brickfast, sur?”—“Yes, sir.” “A’ should be happy to join you.”—“With great pleasure, sir.” “Dang it!” returned the Yorkshireman, “I think a’s seed you before.”—“Perhaps you have.” “Ah! a pay’d a shillin to see you.”—“Ha! ha! ha! perhaps you might sir,” (fancying he had been at the gallery in the theatre). “Ah! a’ know’d it war you; it war at Lester.”—“No, sir, you mistake—I never was at Leicester.” “Nay, dang it, but you war!—I seed you i’ a wild-beast cart like.”—“Wild-beast cart!” retorted Stephen. “Aye, man—“Why your’t great big Lambert, bean’t you?”—“D—n me, sir,” said Stephen in a passion, “do you mean to insult me?—breakfast by yourself.” + +

### SONG—(MISS POVET.)

Love strolld one day to Beauty’s bowers,  
And begg’d her nursery-man to be  
Engaging, she the sweetest flowers  
Should ever in her garden see.  
Beguil’d she hired, ah! woo for her,  
The rogue to be her gardener.  
Soon, with the gales of gentle sighs,  
Each drooping flower he cherished there—  
While dewy tears from doting eyes,  
Kept all her roses fresh and fair.

But mark, she!

What came to pass.

While summer reign’d the rogue remain’d,  
And joy and peace, and sunshine shed;  
But winter came—ah! can I name  
Love’s treachery? The urchin fled;  
And sadly Beauty, woo for her,  
Miss’d in the storms her gardener.  
Her flowers all died—her shrubs declin’d—  
Her blooming beds were all left bare;  
No solace could poor Beauty find—  
Love left but thorns and wild weeds there.  
Maids, mark the tale,  
Lest Love prevail!

## THE MIRROR.

## LETTERS TO KING JAMES I.

(From Lady Lenox.)

*"My Sovereign Lord,*—“According to your Majesty’s gracious pleasure signified unto me, I have sent a young man to attend you, accompanied with a widow’s prayers and tears, that he may wax old in your service; and in his fidelity and affection may equal his ancestors departed, and so shall he find grace and favour in the eyes of my lord the king; which will revive the dying hopes, and raise the dejected spirits, of a comfortless mother.

“Your Majesty’s most humble servant,  
“KA. LENOX.”

(From the Duchess of Buckingham.)

“*May it please your Majestie,*—I have recevd the two boxes of dried plums and grapes, and the box of violatt cake and chickens, for all which I most humbly thank your Majestie.”

“I hope my Lord Annan has tould your Majestie, that I did mean to wene Mall very shortly. I wood not by any mens a-don it till I had furst made your Majestie acquainted with it; and by reason my cousin Bret’s boy has buine ill of latt, for fere shee should greeve and spyle her milk, makes me very desirous to wene her. And I think shee is ould enufe, and I hope she will endure her wenning very well; for I think there was never child card less for the breast than shee dos, so I do intend to make trial this night how she will endure it.

“This day praying for your Majestie’s health and longe life, I humbly take my leave.

“Your Majesty’s most humble servant,  
“K. BUCKINGHAM.”

(From the Duke of Buckingham.)

“*Dear Dad and Gossip,*—Yesterday we got hither so early, that I had time to see over a good part of my works here. This afternoon I will see the rest. I protest to God the chiefeſt pleasure I have in them is, that I hope they will please you, and that they have all come by and from you. I am now going to give my Redeemer thanks for my Maker. The afternoon I will spend in viewing the rest. To-morrow the —— threaten to be early up, being of my mind, impatient to be with you. We shall have no need of a coach of your’s, or Babie Charles, to make the way short. I could write to the equeſties to send them to Thurlo, seven miles on this ſide of Newmarket; but I will be beholding to none

\* This is rather extraordinary orthography for a Duchess.

but my kind master and purveyor, who never failed me when I had need; therefore bestir thee, and [here are two words illegible] duty.

“I will give no thanks for nothing, till I may do it on my knees; so I crave your blessing, as your Majesty’s most humble slave and dog.

“STENIE.”

SPIRIT OF THE  
Public Journals.

## FOOTMEN.

AT a season when every person is ſubject to making (at leaſt) ſhort excursions into the country, and when every deſcription of men, from infancy to age, from a peer to a ſhoe-black, may be frequently met with on the roof of a ſtage-coach, we truſt it will be deemed by no means derogatory to our editorial dignity, to confeſſ that it is a place which we frequently occupy, and where we endeavour, though often with little effect, “to look into the ways of men.”

Strong and sharp as the characteristics of Englishmen are ſaid to be, yet the general taciturnity to which they are given, the frittering poliſh to which the inhabitants of London are inevitable ſubject, added to the little neceſſity there is for unfolding pretensions or ſecuring good will during a ſingle ſtage, prevent even the moſt sharp-sighted traveller from picking up knowledge or amusement, on these occasions, to any extent. A man may paſſ from Peterham to Piccadilly, with a shopkeeper on his right, a sharper on his left, a member of Parliament on the box, and wealthy bankers or penniless officers in the rear, without exchang-ing ſo many words as will help him to a ſingle idea on the ſubject of human purſuit, ſentiment, or occupation. If the ſame persons were met within a hundred miles from town, or even destined to travel a hundred miles together, there would unquestionably be a conſiderable diſference in their manner—ſomething to reveal or to conceal, to display or to hide, muſt occur, and we ſhould be pleased by information, diſgusted by ignorance, or amuſed by humour; but these developments require more than ten miles of good road to unfold them.

But, however jumbled men of all deſcriptions may be, by these convenient mediums of tranſferring themſelves, and although a poor devil in a good coat may carry “outward and viſible ſigns” of reſpectability, ſo as to place him on a paſt with his fellow-traveller who hath that “which paſſeth all show,” yet we all

occasionally meet with one who is distinct, and to a certain point divided, from his brother man. Whatever may be the general benevolence of countenance, or freedom of speech passing, when substantial citizens are taking their places, never have I observed a footman approach them, clean and smart as he might be, and probably possessing from nature precisely that countenance which is received in all countries as a letter of recommendation, but there was a gathering up of the coat-skirts, a drawing together of the person, a shrinking of the very muscles, as if contamination were in his touch, and degradation in breathing the same air with him. His coloured cape, though less weighty than the collar of the Saxon serf in Ivanhoe, sets a mark upon him not less effectually, and the hen-pecked tailor who is trembling lest his "wife should pull his wig," grows proud as he contrasts himself with one whom he deems a bondman—one whom no assumption of importance, no natural advantage of person, or acquired fitness of manners, can be able to pass for that which he is not.

So frequently have I been hurt by witnessing this want of kindly feeling towards those who have a right with myself to the courtesies of an hour under such circumstances, that never do I see one of these party-coloured men clambering the hind part of the coach, or pressing with instinctive and habitual obsequiousness against the iron, without affording him all the accommodation in my power, and contriving now and then to ask him a civil question. I know that, generally speaking, he belongs to a race not very deserving of pity—a proud, concealed, ignorant, presuming race; but yet, for the time being, his situation is pitiable, for it is isolated: with lower people he would be great himself, with higher people he might happen to meet a little notice for the sake of those to whom he belonged; but *here* (at least nineteen times out of twenty) he carries a mark, which, without the blame of infamy, yet produces its effects. He is held in the light of one who has sold himself to do the will of another—who, in the badge of servitude, doubles its yoke, and although all around him, perhaps, are not one whit less servants than himself, and many do not enjoy half his privileges, yet all hold him as their inferior.

Perhaps this disposition, lamentable as we have often felt it to be in the moment when it was evinced, is on the whole necessary, since it is certain that these personages, as being ignorant and pampered, well dressed, well fed, without care, and with little labour, might other-

wise become more intolerable nuisances in society than they are frequently found to be. Who that sees a bevy of them round the Bazaar or waiting in the lobbies, that does not wish so many fine, six-feet, athletic, soldier-like men better employed? and feel convinced that they are an idle, worthless train of parasitical menials, who ridicule the hands that feed them, despise the humble soil that bred them, and, in the insolence of their prosperity, deride those who are every way better than themselves?—Hence the general prejudice against them appears just. In this view, perhaps, it is well that the humble mechanic and the laborious husbandman should nourish a sentiment which offers some consolation for the evils of his own situation, and find his own pride an equivalent for the footman's vanity, his sense of freedom a sweetener of the precarious and scanty board supplied by his labour.

Yet it is certain there are two periods in the life of a footman which present him to our eyes as an interesting spectacle—youth and age. When a country lad of sprightly, pretty, delicate frame, is taken from the severe toil to which he was early destined, and yet unequal—when he is arrayed in trappings to which he affixes only the idea of honourable distinction—exchanges hard crusts and tough cheese for roast beef and strong beer—the kind commands of an indulgent old lady, for the compelling voice of a sturdy ploughman—the smiles of the maids for the drudgery of a farm-house, pig-feeding, cow-driving, hungry lout, what a change takes place! He steps at once into a new being: the butterflies are not more fine, more sportive, more changed. Where is the philosopher amongst us that would not play the fool under so complete an intoxication? For a season he is a happy, harmless coxcomb: his awkwardness is ludicrous, his joyfulness exhilarating, and many a time have we looked at him with a sense of amusement in his folly, perhaps not quite untinctured with envy of his felicity.

The aged footman inspires a deeper and better feeling: his thin spare form, half burdened by weighty habiliments—the white hair which fall scantily on his powdered brow—the eye, which long habit has rendered quick to discern—and the slow gait, which yet assumes rapidity in its services—present to us a respectable and even affecting character. We see, or think we see in him, the old retainer of a noble and ancient house—one who has shared in the feelings and partaken the changes which belong to all sublunary things, and in his very servitude

improved his nature. Forgetting himself, he has lived, though at humble distance, in the fortunes of his lord, and every branch of the house to which he was attached has been watched with pride by his eyes, and held with increasing affection to his heart;—all domestics, so situated, soon learn family secrets, though they are excluded from family consultation, and the old footman has often sighed for his lord's losses, though they impaired not his personal comforts. He has also rejoiced with his joys, and when those boys "whom he has borne on his back a thousand times," go forth into the world to triumph or suffer, feels for them at once the anxiety of a parent, the respect of a dependant, and that love which belongs exclusively to early services, and renders a nurse dear as a mother. When the young baron makes his maiden speech in the House, when master Alfred becomes a captain, or the young ladies marry greatly, the old footman gets proud, and steps heavily, as one who feels his own importance. When the time comes that their children visit the mansion, he thinks *them* still fairer and braver than those who went before them, and with a grandsire's fondness listens to their prattle and admires their knowledge: his place now should be more easy, but he wishes to increase the circle of duties which keep him near to those he loves, and in cutting a stick for his third young master, loses the pain which his first master's increasing infirmities have given. Every year and every ailment diminishes the distance of rank, and increases the ties of affection between him and his beloved lord, whom yet he waits upon often with increased deference, that younger men may learn due observance to age not less than rank. He adds a few years to his own age, that he may be still more closely coupled with his master, and he loses all recollection that they can be parted, by degrees assuming solicitude openly on marriages and portions, the disposal of heiresses and estates, and, when the head of the house drops, thanks God that he shall soon follow, and laments the situation of those who will experience this two-fold evil.

Happy is the master who has such a servant, and not less happy the servant who, in thus fulfilling his duties and exercising his affections, ennobles his station, and throws the radiance of virtue on the path of obscurity.

*Literary Chronicle.*

CHURCH-YARD REFLECTIONS.

EVEN of the living multitude assembled here this day twelve months—how many, in the short interval between that and the present time, have taken up their rests within these consecrated precincts! And already, over the graves of many, the green sods have again united in velvet smoothness. Here, beside that of William Moss, is a fresher and higher hillock, to which his head-stone likewise serves for a memorial; and underneath his name there are engraven on it—yes—two other names. The aged parents and the blooming son at last repose together; and what matters now, that the former went down to the grave by the slow and gradual descent of good old age, and that the latter was cut off in the prime and vigour of his manhood? If each performed faithfully the task allotted to him, then was his time on earth sufficient; and, after the brief separation of a few years, they are re-united in eternity. But here—behold a magnificent contrast to that poor plain stone! Here stands a fine tall freestone, the top of which is ornamented in basso-relievo, with a squat white urn swaddled up in ponderous drapery, over which droops a gilt weeping willow—it looks like a sprig of sambucus—the whole set off by a blue ground, encircled by a couple of goose wings. Oh! no—I cry the sculptor mercy—they are the pinions of a pair of cherubim. There are the little trumpeters' cheeks puffing out from under them; and the obituary is engraven on a black ground, in grand gold letters, and it records—Ah! Madam Buckwheat—is it come to this? Is all that majesty of port laid low?—That fair exuberance of well-fed flesh!—That broad expanse of comely red and white, "by Nature's sweet and cunning hand laid on." Doth all this mingle with the common earth? That goodly person, clad in rustling silks!—is it shrunken within the scanty folds of the shroud, and the narrow limits of a cold brick grave? What! in the very flush of worldly prosperity—when the farmer's granaries were overflowing with all manner of store—when your dairy had yielded double produce—when the stock of cheeses was unprecedented—when your favourite Norman had presented you with twin calves—when you had reared three broods of milk-white turkeys, and the China sow had littered thirteen pigs! Just as the brindled heifer of that famous cross was coming into milk—and just as the new barn was built, and the parish rates were lowered, and the mulberry tree was beginning to bear—and just as you had brought yourself to feel at home in your

long absence, and unfettered by the great garnet ring, and to wear gloves when you were out visiting ; and, to crown all, just as your youngest hope—your favourite daughter—had made a splendid conquest of a real gentleman—one who had come down from Lunnon in his own shay, and talked about "Hastleya," and the "Hoppers," and "Wauxhall," and the Wild Beast, and Waterloo Bridge, and all them there things, and was to install Betsey (the old lady always forgot to say Eliza) lady and mistress of a beautiful cuse in Fleet-street. Oh ! at such a time to be torn from "Life and all the joys it yields!" Ah ! Madam Buckwheat ! is it so indeed ? Alas ! too true—

"A heap of dust is all remains of thee,  
Thee all thou art, and all the proud shall be." —  
*Blackwood's Magazine.*

### The Selector; or, CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

#### PASTIMES AND HOLIDAYS.

"What is a gentleman without his recreations?" —  
OLD PLAY.

In the games and diversions of a people, we may trace the distinguishing features of the national character ; and the rude pastimes of our ancestors are a practical illustration of the courage and hardiness for which they were celebrated. Some of the old sports would be incompatible with the refinement of the present day, but others are of a nature less objectionable, and the memory of which is worthy of preservation. Many of the ancient games and holidays were rural festivities, commemorative of the return of the seasons, and not only innocent in themselves, but conducive to health and good fellowship. Of this description were the May Games, the Harvest Supper, the Feast of Sheep Shearing, Midsummer-Eve rejoicings, and the celebration of the New Year : all these may be traced to the earliest times ; indeed they are coeval with society, and the Feast of the Tabernacle among the Jews, and the ancient honours paid to Ceres, Bacchus, and Saturn by the heathens, were only analogous observances, under a different appellation.

A revival of some of the old sports and pastimes would, probably, be an improvement in national manners ; and the modern attractions of *Rouge et Noir*, French hazard, *Roulette*, "blue ruin," and muddy porter, be beneficially exchanged for the more healthy recreations of former ages. "Worse practices within doors," as Stowe

remarks, "it is to be feared, have succeeded the more open pastimes of the older times."

The recreations of our Saxon ancestors were such as were common among the ancient Northern nations ; consisting mostly of robust exercises, as hunting, hawking, leaping, running, wrestling, and casting of darts. They were also much addicted to gaming ; a propensity unfortunately transmitted, unimpaired, to their descendants of the present day. Chess was a favourite game with them, and likewise backgammon, said to have been invented about the tenth century. The Normans introduced the chivalrous games of tournaments and jousts. These last became very prevalent, as we learn from a satirical poem of the thirteenth century, a verse from which has been thus rendered by Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes :"

"If wealth, Sir Knight, perchance be thine,  
In tournaments you're bound to shine ;  
Refuse—and all the world will swear,  
You are not worth a rotten pear."

When the military enthusiasm which characterised the middle ages had subsided, and chivalry was on the decline, a prodigious change took place in the manners of the people. Violent exercises grew out of fashion with persons of rank, and the example of the nobility was followed by other classes. Henry VII., Henry VIII., and James I., endeavoured to revive the ancient military exercises, but with only ephemeral success.

We learn from Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," what were the most prevalent sports at the end of the sixteenth century. Hunting, hawking, running at rings, tilts and tournaments, horse-races and wild-goose chace, were the pastimes of the gentry ; while the lower classes recreatethemselves at May Games, Wakes, Whitson Ales ; by ringing of bells, bowling, shooting, wrestling, leaping, pitching the bar, pisyng with keel pins, coits, trunks, wasters, foils, foot-ball, balown, and running at the quintain. Speaking of the Londoners, Burton says, "They take pleasure to see some pageant or sight go by, as at a coronation, wedding, and such like solemn niceities ; to see an ambassador or prince received and entertained with masks, shows, and fire-works." The following

\* In his dry way, Old Burton says, "Cards, dice, hawks, and hounds, are rocks upon which men lose themselves when they are improperly handled and beyond their fortunes." Hunting and hawking, he allows, are "honest recreations, and fit for some great men, but not for every base and inferior person, who, while they maintain their faulkner and dogs, and hunting nags, their wealth runs away with their hounds, and their fortunes fly away with their hawks."

he considers common amusements, both in town and country—namely, “bull-baitings, and bear-baitings, in which our countrymen and citizens greatly delight, and frequently use; dancers on ropes; jugglers, comedies, tragedies, artillery-gardens, and cock-fighting.” The winter recreations consisted of cards, dice, tables, shovelboard, chess, the philosopher’s game, shuttlecock, billiards, music, masks, dancing, ale-games, riddles, cross purposes, merry tales of knight-errant, thieves, witches, fairies, and goblins.

In addition to the May Games, morris-dancing, pageants, and processions, which were common throughout the kingdom, the Londoners had peculiar privileges of hunting, hawking, and fishing; they had also large portions of ground allotted to them in the vicinity of the city, for the practice of such pastimes as were not prohibited: and for those, especially, that were conducive to health. On the holidays, during the summer season, the young men exercised themselves in the fields with leaping, archery, wrestling, playing with balls, and practising with their wasters and bucklers. The city damsels had also their recreations, playing upon their timbrels, and dancing to the music, which they often practised by moonlight. One writer says, it was customary for the maidens to dance in presence of their masters and mistresses, while one of their companions played the music on a timbrel; and to stimulate them, the best dancers were rewarded with a garland; the prize being exposed to public view during the performance. To this custom Spenser alludes,—

“ The damsels they delight,  
When they their timbrels smite,  
And thereto dance and carol sweet.”

The London apprentices often amused themselves with their wasters and bucklers, before the doors of their masters. Hunting with the Lord Mayor’s pack of hounds, was a diversion of the metropolis, as well as sailing, rowing, and fishing on the Thames. Duck-hunting was a favourite recreation in the summer, as we learn from Strype.—*Fielding’s Proverbs.*

#### SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE other day I passed a plantation whose owner, a few months before had shot one of his slaves; and I conversed with a young planter, I think not twenty-two years old, whose general manners bespoke mildness rather than the contrary, who had also shot a slave within a year. The offence in both cases, was stated to be running away, and no notice was taken

whatever of the murderer. A friend of mine, who had resided here some time, told me, that calling one morning on a most respectable planter, a man of eminently humane and amiable manners, he was surprised to see him sitting in his veranda, with his gun in his hand, earnestly watching a slave in the court, who was looking up at him with great emotion, as if meditating an escape. By and by, the overseer came and took the slave away. My friend turned to the planter, and asked him what was the matter. He replied, “ While I was at breakfast, that Negro came and delivered himself up, telling me that he had run away from my plantation to avoid a threatened flogging; but that, as he had returned voluntarily, he hoped I would intercede with the overseer, and get him excused. I told him I seldom interfered with the overseer, but would send and inquire into the circumstances. I sent for him, but the negro, in the mean time, apprehending the result, looked as if he would dart off into the woods. I ordered my gun, and if he had attempted to stir, I should have been obliged to shoot him dead; for there is no other way of enforcing obedience and subordination.”

A very short time since, a wealthy planter tried to work his slaves half the night as well as the whole of the day. They remonstrated with the overseer, and became refractory, on which the planter undertook to control them. He took his seat on the trunk of a tree to inspect them, with his gun in his hand to shoot the first who should shrink. About twelve o’clock at night he fell asleep. The slaves seized his gun, shot him, and burnt him to ashes on the fires which he was compelling them to make at midnight, of the wood they were employed in clearing. The case was so glaring, and the planter’s cruelty so notorious, that the matter was hushed up as well as it could be, and the slaves were not punished; though while at Charlestown I saw an account of a young negro woman being burnt to death in South Carolina the week before, for murdering her master. An acquaintance of mine told me he was staying at the time at an inn in the neighbourhood, from which many of the company went to see the horrid spectacle. On so serious a subject as this, I am particularly guarded in mentioning to you nothing for which I have not unquestionable authority. The following fact rests on the evidence of my own senses. At a dining party of five or six gentlemen, I heard one of the guests (who is reputed a respectable planter) say, in the course of conversation, that he shot at one

of his slaves last year, with intent to kill him, for running away ; that, on another occasion, finding that two runaway slaves had taken refuge on his plantation, he invited some of his friends out of town to dinner and a *frolic* ; that after dinner they went out to hunt the slaves, and hearing a rustling in the reeds or canes in which they believed them to be concealed, "they all fired at their *game*, but unfortunately missed." Does not your blood curdle ? Yet he did not appear to be sensible that he was telling any thing extraordinary, nor to understand the silence of astonishment and horror. I could extend this sad recital ; but why should I harrow up your feelings.—*Hodgson's Letters from North America.*

### The Novelist.

No. LXIII.

#### JENNY KELLY.

How many an affecting narrative might be drawn from the stories which the "simple annals" of humble life supply ! How many a tale, the circumstances of which may have been known only to few, and soon forgotten by all, would awaken general sympathy, if some friendly hand had been found to record it ! Many whose lives from beginning to end, present no single incident worth relating, find a biographer to note their existence, and the every day common places of their being ; and this is all the world can learn from their *mémoirs*. But in scenes remote from those of grandeur, of fashion, and of folly, it is not unfrequently happens that the history of individuals, is fraught with more of interest, and affords a more useful and instructive lesson to mankind, than all that can be gleaned from the insipid biography of those who inherit adventitious claims to rank and distinction. The reader may have heard some impressive and pathetic stories, perchance bordering on romance, of unpretending and obscure origin. The following, derived from an authentic source, is not unworthy of notice.

In the town of Newry, in Ireland, lived Jenny Kelly, the subject of this little narrative. At this distance of time not any thing material is known of her parents ; it is only known that they were honest and industrious, and that they brought up their daughter according to their means. Before she attained the age of eighteen years, she became the object of affection to two suitors. This distinction, which would have been flattering to the vanity of most young women of her age, proved to her the greatest mis-

fortune. She had a fine countenance, an elegant figure, an amiable disposition, and was of singularly industrious habits. Her voice was moreover uncommonly fine, and she caroled as merrily as the lark, and as sweetly as the nightingale. In short, she could not but make any man a good wife, and a delightful companion.

Poor girl ! when I think of her fate, a tear of pity falls to her memory. Yet Jenny did not become a prey to the arts of a seducer ; she was reserved for misery of a different kind.

The two rivals who sought her affections, were brother clerks, in the firm of Messrs. Ogle and Thomson, well known merchants in Newry. The circumstances of each were nearly equal, and they were generally regarded with a degree of respect, little short of that shown to the partners themselves. Kays was the name of one lover, M'Evoy that of the other. Kays was a very handsome young man, tall and well shaped ; his rival had not the same advantages of person, and was conscious of the superiority of Kays in this respect ; but this reflection only caused him to redouble his attentions to Jenny, and to do every thing in his power, to ingratiate himself into her esteem. Whether or not Kays was less ardent or persevering in evincing his attachment cannot now be known ; but after much persuasion and entreaty, Jenny, though her heart owned a preference of Kays, yielded to the importunities of M'Evoy, and was married to him accordingly.

Jenny was young, and probably scarcely knew her own heart at the time, else she ought not to have given her hand to one lover, and her affections to another. It was a weakness on her part, and she bitterly atoned for it ; yet who shall blame her ?

— "Women are not,  
In their best fortunes strong,"  
and might there not be some neglect on the part of Kays ?

When Jenny became a wife, she was fully sensible of the duties and obligations which her new condition imposed upon her ; and she determined to do all in her power not only to retain the affections of her husband, but to increase her own towards him. With these feelings, they might have been happy : but con-nubial bliss was not to be the lot of this young creature.

It may be easily imagined that Kays, who was not less fond of Jenny than his successful rival, was plunged into a state of distraction, as soon as he knew of the utter ruin of his hopes. In the first

paroxysm of his rage, he threatened destruction to both; but becoming more calm, he conceived a scheme of revenge, which he determined to carry into effect. He began to affect an indifference upon the subject; then to utter innuendoes that could not but create strange conjectures, and at last he did not scruple to insinuate, in plain terms, and in such a way that it was sure to reach M'Evoy's ears, that he had previously to her marriage had an illicit intercourse with the young bride. Such reports were not slow in finding circulation; they speedily came to the knowledge of M'Evoy and his wife, and their feelings on the occasion it may easily be supposed were deeply, though very differently affected. Jenny became melancholy; her appetite failed her, she grew pale and thin, and was frequently caught in tears. The cruelty of Kays cut her to the heart; M'Evoy, though he did not absolutely believe in the rumours of his wife's dishonour, was not certain that they were altogether false. Of all feelings that of jealousy is the most easily roused, and when once awakened,

"Trifles, light as air,  
Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong  
As proofs of holy writ."

Kays and M'Evoy were still placed near each other, and there were mutual heart burnings and bickerings between them. Both, however, avoided coming to open resentment; the one knowing himself to be the projector of an unfounded calumny; the other being loth to render more public than it was, the reported disgrace of his wife.

Poor Jenny bore up against the influence of her feelings as long as she could; her home was wretched, to her susceptible and artless mind, for doubt and suspicion hung over it. Her husband's eye no longer beamed on her with the soft light of confiding love; in a few weeks she fell ill, her brain became delirious, and her medical attendants despaired of her life. M'Evoy was himself in a state to be pitied, and well might he have approached the author of his sufferings, in the language of our greatest bard,

"If thou dost slander her, and torture me,  
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;  
On horrors' head horrors accumulate:  
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth  
amazed;  
For nothing canst thou to damnation add  
Greater than that."

The effects of Kays' perfidy now stared him in the face, and for the first time made him sensible of his baseness. He was not naturally of a bad disposition; and his passion for Jenny revived in all its force; he would have died to restore her to her senses, and to repair the wrong

he had done her. He hastened to her mother's house to confess his guilt, and to ask her forgiveness: but he was denied admittance. Every hour only made him the more desirous of stoning for the injuries he had committed, and of expressing to her his penitence. Again he begged to be admitted to see the poor girl; he appeared almost broken hearted, his request was again refused. Unable to retain himself any longer, he confessed that the story he told concerning her was a wicked fabrication. "Good Heavens," he exclaimed, raising his eyes and clasping his hands, "could I but hear her say she forgave me, how happy should I be! but now I am miserable." "You cannot, you must not see her, my poor child is dying; the sight of you would be too much for her, she is dying! do not ask it!" He bade the disconsolate mother farewell, and hurried away overwhelmed with grief and horror. He could not rest; all was dark and gloomy within him; agonized and scarcely knowing what he did, he solicited on the following day, a meeting of the principal inhabitants of Newry, at one of the inns, and openly declared to all present, that every word he had said against Jenny was false, and that the cause of his malignant fabrication was his excessive love, and his madness at seeing her possessed by another. He was in consequence dismissed from his situation. Still, however, he did not despair of seeing his unfortunate victim, and of confessing to her his villainy. With this intention he again repaired to her mother's residence, but it was too late; her spirit had fled to that world, where the praise and censure of mankind are equally indifferent, in six weeks after her bridal day.

The remainder of the tale will be brief: Kays shortly after left Newry for America, entered into the American army, and was killed. The husband, who was inconsolable for some time, despaired of ever being happy with any other woman should he marry again. This proved true; for a twelvemonth after Jenny's death, he married a miller's daughter, a young woman who very strikingly resembled Jenny, and it was partly, perhaps, from that similitude that he had married her.

Shortly after his second marriage, in a faction arising out of an election contest, a gentleman drew his sword against M'Evoy, who parried it with his sword-stick, but in the affray the gentleman was run through the body, and instantly fell dead on the spot. M'Evoy was tried for his life; he said in his defence he cared not to live, but asserted that he

drew his sword in his own defence. Messrs. Ogle and Thomson supported him to the utmost on his trial. He was found guilty of manslaughter, and, according to the practice of the time, was burnt in the hand. He left Ireland with his newly married wife, went to America, and like his rival entered the army, in which he was promoted, and highly respected.—*European Magazine.*

### Miscellanies.

#### INFANTICIDE IN ANCIENT TIMES.

THE following are extracts from the East India Company's correspondence on Hindoo Infanticide :—

Romulus is said to have laid the citizens under an obligation to educate all their male children, and the eldest of their daughters. The requiring of this obligation from the citizens must have been suggested by the necessity of restraining the practice of Infanticide ; and Romulus probably trusted in procuring wives for his mates from the other tribes in his neighbourhood with as little difficulty as the *Jahrejas* do at present.

Montesquieu has the following observations on this subject, which makes the resemblances still more complete, and proves that the same motives prevailed with the Roman fathers for exposing their children as with the nations of India who commit Infanticide :—“ We find not any Roman law that permitted the exposing of children.” This was, without doubt, an abuse introduced towards the decline of the Republic, when luxury robbed them of their freedom ; when wealth divided was called poverty ; when the father believed that all was lost which he gave to his family, and when the family was distinct from his property. It appears that infants newly born were placed on the ground ; those who were agreeable to the father he took up, or educated (for these were synonymous terms) ; but those who were displeasing to him he neglected and exposed.

In Greece, Infanticide, or the exposure of children, appears to have formed a part of the policy of those states. Solon gave permission by the law to parents to kill their children. Aristotle appears an advocate for the exposing of children, and conceives, where this is not the case, that the number of those brought forth ought to be limited.—He proposes expedients for this purpose more barbarous than any usage of the *Jahrejas*. The Greeks appear to have been led to ex-

pose their offspring from the sterility of their territory, and the apprehension of want, excited by a redundant population. The same motive, arising from a fear of famine, has induced the government of China, if not to permit, at least to tolerate, parents to sell and expose their children.

The Carthaginians are reported to have frequently sacrificed their children, but this appears to have originated in motives of religion and patriotism : the first taught them that the sacrifice of children was acceptable to their gods ; and the love of their country inspired the nobles of the Carthaginians to offer up their offspring as victims, to avert or remove any public calamity. A similar custom was also practised by the Phoenicians and Syrians, the founders of Carthage, and which also extended to the Greeks, the Gauls, and the German nations. Among the Canaanites also, previous to the invasion of the Israelites, similar sacrifices prevailed, and which are termed in Scripture, “ passing their seed through the fire to Moloch.”

In Robertson's History of America we are informed, that the difficulty of training up an infant to maturity amidst the hardships of savage life, often stifles the voice of nature among the Americans, and suppresses the strong emotions of parental tenderness. Some of these women are stated, in particular, to destroy their female children in their infancy :—“ But though necessity compels the inhabitants of America thus to set bounds to the increase of their families, they are not deficient in affection and attachment to their offspring : they feel the powers of this instinct in its full force.”

At Otaheite, and other islands of the Pacific, a peculiar society exists who destroy their children ; and other nations in a rude state have been found, who do not suffer those to live, who are born with any natural defect or deformity.

A more attentive and extensive research would multiply these examples, and illustrate this subject. However disgusting it may be to human nature, we find that many nations have tolerated or permitted parents to destroy their own offspring, and we are certain, that parents have deprived their children of life, by availing themselves of this privilege, but the custom of exclusively murdering females (although the regulations of Romulus evidently point to their destruction in preference to that of the males), and a systematical Infanticide, seem to be confined to the Rajputes of India.

FULLER'S NOTICE OF PAPER,  
Containing some Quaint and Dainty

*Concits.*

EXPECT not that I should by way of preface enumerate the several inventions whereby the ancients did communicate, and continue their notions to posterity. First by writing on leaves of trees still remembered, when we call such a scantling of paper a folio, or leaf. Hence from leaves men proceeded to the bark of trees; as more solid, still countenanced in the notation of the word *hiber*. Next they wrote in labels, or sheets of lead, wherein the letters were deeply engraven, being a kind of printing before printing; and to this I refer the words of Job (an author allowed contemporary with), if not senior to Moses himself, "Oh, that my words were now written; oh, that they were printed in a book."

To omit any other devices in after ages to signify their conceptions, paper was first made of a broad flag (not unlike our great dock) growing in and nigh Canepus, in Egypt, which it seems was a staple commodity of that country, and substantial enough to bear the solemn curse of the prophet. "The paper reeds by the brooks shall wither, be driven away, and be no more."

Our modern paper is made of grinded rags, and yet this new artificial doth still thankfully retain the name of the old natural paper. It may pass for the emblem of men of mean extraction, who by art and industry, with God's blessing thereon, come to high preferment. "He raiseth the poor out of the dust, and liftest the needy out of the dunghill, that he may set him with his princes, even with the princes of his people." One may find, if searching into the pedigree of paper it cometh into the world at the dungate, raked thence in rags, which refined by art (especially after precious secreta are written therein), is found fit to be choicely kept in the cabinets of the greatest potentates. Pity it is that the first author of so useful an invention cannot with any assurance be assigned.

There are almost as many kinds of paper as conditions of persons between the emperor and beggar, imperial, royal, cardinal, and so downwards to that course paper called emperetica, useful only for Chapman to wrap their wares therein. Paper participates in some sort of the characters of the countrymen which make it; the Venetian being neat, subtle, and courtlike; the French, light, slight, and slender; the Dutch, thick, corpulent, and gross, not to say sometimes also

*charts bibala*, sucking up the ink with the sponginess thereof.

LINES

Written by an officer, on being ordered on Foreign Service to a Lady, whose name was Whiting.

Suz Whiting is no fasting dish,  
Let priests say what they dare;

I'd rather eat my little fish

Than all their Christmas fare.

So plump—so white—so clear—so free  
From all that leads to strife;

Happy the man, who's lot shall be

To swim with thee through life.

But Venus, goddess of the flood,  
Does all my hopes deny;

And surely Mars cries, why my blood,

You've other fish to fry!

PARAMOUNT PUNNING: ON SETTING UP AND SITTING DOWN.

A CHAP once told St. Patrick's Dean, While rising from his seat, "I mean

To set up for a wit."

"Ah!" quoth the Dean, "if that be true,  
The very best thing you can do

Is down again to sit."

Too many, like that would be wit.

Set up for what they are not fit,

And always lose their aim—

Set up for wisdom, wealth, renown,

But end the farce by sitting down,

With poverty and shame.

A middling farmer thinks he can Set up to be a gentleman,

And then sit down content;

But after many a turn and twist,

Is sit down on the paper list,

A fool, not worth a cent!

When farmers' wives and daughters fair Set up with silks and Ledgeborn rare,

To look most wondrous winning;

They sit upon a slippery stand,

Till indigence, with iron hand,

Upsets their underpinning.

Some city ladies too, whose gear Has made them to their husbands dear,

Set up to lead the ton;

Though they sit high on fashion's seat,

Age, death, or poverty, albeit

Will set them down anon.

Some fools set up to live by law,

And though they are sit ever jaw."

Soon jail for lack of brains—

But had the boobies only just

Known where they ought to sit at first,

They'd saved a world of pains.

A quick set up the doctor's trade,

But could he use the sexton's spade?

No better than his pins;

The man might toil from morn to night,

And find his match with all his might

To bury half hé kilis.

You may set up for what you choose

As easily as wear old shoes,

If ever so low at present;

But when you have set up in vain,

And find you must sit down again,

'Tis terribly unpleasant,

American Paper.

## CURIOUS ANECDOTES OF TWO ELEPHANTS.

A FEW years ago, two elephants were taken from the menagerie of the Prince of Orange, at the house in the wood, near the Hague; the place for their reception had been previously prepared: it is a spacious hall in the museum of natural history, adjoining to the national botanical garden in Paris, well aired and lighted. A stove warms it in winter, and it is divided into two apartments, which have a communication by means of a large door, which opens and shuts perpendicularly. The enclosure consists of rails made of strong and thick beams, and a second enclosure, breast-high, surrounds it, in order to keep spectators from too near an approach.

The morning after their arrival in Paris, these animals were put in possession of their new habitation. The first who entered was the male (*Hans*), who seemed to go in with a degree of suspicion, after having issued with precaution from his cage. His first care was to survey the place. He examined every bar with his trunk, and tried their solidity. The large screws by which they are held together were placed on the outside; these he sought for, and having found them, tried to turn them, but was not able. When he came to the partition, or gate, which divides the two apartments, he found it was only fixed by an iron bar, which rose perpendicularly. He raised it with his trunk, pushed up the door, and entered into the second apartment, where he took his breakfast quietly, and appeared to be perfectly easy.

In the mean time the female (*Peggy*) was conducted into the first lodge. The mutual attachment of these animals was recollected, and likewise the difficulty with which they were parted, and induced to travel separately. From the time of their departure from the Hague, they had not seen each other; not even at Cambrai, where they passed the winter in 1797. They had only been sensible that they were near neighbours. *Hans* never lay down, but always stood upright, or leaning against the bars of his cage, and kept watch for *Peggy*, who lay down and slept every night. On the least noise, he sent forth a cry to alarm his mate.

The joy they felt on seeing each other again was thus expressed:—When *Peggy* entered, she emitted a cry, denoting the pleasure she experienced on finding herself at liberty. She did not immediately observe *Hans*, who was feeding in the inner lodge; neither was he directly aware that she was so near him; but the keeper having called him, he turned round, and

on the instant the two elephants rushed into each others embraces, and sent forth cries of joy, so animated and so loud, that they shook the whole hall. They breathed also through their trunks with such violence, that the blast resembled an impetuous gust of wind.

The joy of *Peggy* was the most lively; she expressed it by quickly flapping her ears, which she made to move with astonishing velocity, and drew her trunk over *Hans* with the utmost tenderness. She in particular put her finger (the extremity of the trunk terminates in a protuberance which stretches out on the upper side in the form of a finger, and possesses in a great degree the niceness and dexterity of that useful member) into his ear, where she kept it a long time, and after having drawn it affectionately over the whole body of *Hans*, she put it tenderly into her own mouth. *Hans* did exactly the same to *Peggy*, but his pleasure was more concentrated. This he appeared to express by his tears, which fell from his eyes in abundance.

Since that time they have never been separated, and they dwell together in the same apartments. The society of these two intelligent animals, their habits, their mutual affection, and their natural attachment, still existed notwithstanding the privation of their liberty, might furnish curious observations for the natural history of their species.

These two elephants, were natives of Ceylon, and were brought to Holland when very young. They were nearly fifteen years of age. Their height was about seven feet and a half. Their tusks, which were very short, had been broken, but they would grow again as they became older. The tail of the male hung down to the ground; that of the female was much shorter.

The following anecdote appeared in a French journal about the middle of the year 1799.

A sentinel belonging to the menagerie at Paris was extremely careful, every time he mounted guard near the elephants, to desire the spectators not to give them any thing to eat. This was by no means pleasing to the elephants. *Peggy*, in particular, beheld him with a very unfavourable eye, and had several times endeavoured to correct his unwelcome interference, by besprinkling his head with water from her trunk. One day, when a great number of people were collected to view these animals, the opportunity seemed convenient for receiving, unperceived, a small bit of bread; but the rigorous sentinel was on duty. *Peggy*, however, placed herself before him, watched

all his gestures, and, the moment he opened his mouth to give his usual admonition to the company, discharged in his face a large stream of water. A general laugh ensued; but the sentinel having calmly wiped his face, stood a little on one side, and continued as vigilant as before. Soon after, he found himself obliged to repeat his notice to the spectators not to give the elephants any thing; immediately *Peggy* snatched his musket from him, twirled it round in her trunk, trod it under her feet, and did not restore it until she had twisted the barrel into the form of a screw.

The height of the elephants is said by Sparman and other travellers in the interior of Africa, to be from twelve to fifteen feet, measured to the top of the back; the female is much less than the male. They are said to live to the age of a hundred and twenty or a hundred and thirty years even in a state of captivity.

In the third volume of the Asiatic Researches, published in 1789, is a long and very particular account of the method of catching wild elephants, by John Corse, Esq.; and in the first part of the Philosophical Transactions for 1799, is another paper, which contains much curious information on the manners, habits, and natural history of the elephant, by the same gentleman. From these it appears that the accounts of the sagacity, modesty, and size of the elephant, have been greatly exaggerated by natural historians.

As to what relates to the modesty of these animals, we must refer to the latter paper. The author's observations are the result of many years residence in India, and from 1792 to 1797, the elephant hunters were under his direction.

### The Gathert.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

### EPITAPH

ON A VIOLENT SCOLD.

BENEATH this stone, a lump of clay  
Lies Arabella Young,  
Who, on the twenty-fourth of May  
*Began to hold her tongue!*

### THE USE OF A TEA KETTLE.

A SCHOLAR who was reading at night, heard a thief breaking through the wall of his house. Happening to have a tea-kettle with boiling water before the fire, he took it up, and placing himself by the side of the wall, waited for the thief. The

hole being made, a man thrust his feet through; when the scholar immediately seized them, and began to bathe them with boiling water. The thief screamed, and sued for mercy; but the scholar replied very gravely, "stop till I have emptied my tea kettle."

### THE THREE POINTS OF RESEMBLANCE.

A MAN having had his portrait painted, was induced by the artist to consult the people who were passing by, whether he had succeeded. He asked the first who came, "is this part a likeness?" The forced connoisseur replied, "the cap is a great likeness." He was going to ask a third, when the painter, stopping him, said, "the resemblance of the cap and clothes are of no importance; ask the gentleman what he thinks of the face." The latter hesitated a good while; at last, being obliged to give an opinion of some sort, he replied: "the beard and the hair are a very great likeness."

### EPICRAM.

IT is now and then posted,  
At the end of each street,  
"The Vauxhall proprietors  
This night give a grand Fete."  
Just as well might the public,  
I mean all who go, say,  
"What we pay for admission  
Shall be call'd give a penny."

G. W.

### PRAYER VERSUS PLAY.

In the spring season at Rye, in the year 1760, subscription books were open at the same time for prayers at the abbey, and gaming at the organ. At the close of the first day, the number of subscribers for prayers were *tweeze*, and for gaming *sixty-seven*. On this occasion the following lines were written:

The Church and Rye the other day,  
Open'd their books for prayer and play;  
The priest got *tweeze*, Hoyle *sixty-seven*,  
How great the odds for hell *gainst*  
heaven!

KARATA.—In the seventh example of Magic Squares, p. 202, of our last, the following line was inadvertently omitted:—6, 78, 20, 30, 70, 39, 62, 55, 47, 95.

Answers to Correspondents next week.

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